

The Sonoma Index-Tribune

SONOMA, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1907. NO. 1

INDEX-TRIBUNE.

RED SATURDAY MORNING.

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TIGER MEDICINE.

A Secret That Was Guarded by an East Indian Trainer.

The maharajah of Jammu had at one time the distinction of possessing the finest male tiger kept in captivity anywhere in the world.

"Under the Sun," describes this best kept secret as a strangely interesting story, which, he declares is strictly true, in regard to the tiger.

The tiger, a glorious brute of white and orange and black, with steel claws and teeth like sick daggers, lay lazily in his cage and growled. Nadeem, the attendant, spoke to the tiger, and as he did so the beast flung himself fully against the flimsy bars. The keeper put his slender hand under his chin and pulled out a little white bag.

Some years ago the tiger had found that the little black door of his den was open. The assistant of the little maharajah returned to find him loose in the garden and fled.

In the four hours Jammu's streets were those of a dead city. No man hindered the tiger, and he glided silently down the main street of the town, a beautiful vision of orange and black striped death. He reached the jungle and vanished.

An hour later Nadeem came back to his work and heard the news. A few minutes afterward another solitary figure made its way down the still empty street. He had no weapon. He had a little white bag in his hand and was soon lost to sight in the jungle.

An hour later he returned, bareheaded in the sun. At his heels, fawning and kitching, slouched the tiger, and round its neck was loosely tied one end of Nadeem's white sash. It was the little white bag that had done it.

"Would your honors like to see the effect of this medicine?" Nadeem put his hand into the bag and scattered a few whitish grains inside the bars. In a moment the tiger was upon him, searching out the tiniest bit of what ever it was. In fifteen seconds he was on his back, beating the air with his huge paws, like a kitten at play.

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Winifred's Best Years.

By ANNE HEILMAN.

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Winifred Lane and Josiah Dent had been lovers since their A B C days.

For seventeen years now she had worn the ring he had sold his first coat to buy. Together they had "stood up" for her brother Dick and Eliza at Dick's first wedding, while all the assembled company commented upon them and looked forward to another wedding.

Her father's falling health had brought the first postponement. Then Dick came home a widower and his delicate baby became "Aunt Winifred's charge." Dick's second marriage had brought a gleam of hope, but Julia Rebecca declined to live on the farm, and Dick bought a place in another town, leaving to his sister the care of her mother and the farm. Six years later Mother Lane and Julia Rebecca had both died in the same week, and Dick, cheerfully consigning his orphan brood to his sister's care, had taken an extended trip west.

Through it all Josiah had waited patiently, declaring always "when Winifred offered him his release that there was but one woman in the world for him, and Winifred had settled down to cheerful performance of daily duty, brightened by the "some day" that would yet be hers.

The patiently awaited day seemed after noon. As Josiah had waited, he had waited for his sister's home, accompanied by his third wife, and without any unnecessary delay had taken his children to the western town in which he was located.

Miss Lane stood on the front veranda and watched the loaded wagon drive away. "Dick hasn't had any kind of luck with his wife so far, but I've a notion this will last," she said aloud as she went slowly indoors.

"How still it was! The children's voices seemed to echo through the empty rooms. Winifred's eyes filled with scolding tears.

"Yes," she said in a tone which held both regret and relief, "they're gone for good, and I s'pose I'm free at last. Of course he'll hear," she continued presently. "Maybe he'll be over to-night. I'd better tidy up."

Miss Lane lit the parlor lamp and, after a little hesitation, planned on her best lace collar. "I'll do no harm even if nobody comes," she argued to herself.

But the clock struck 8 and 9, and no one came. "He hasn't heard yet," she assured herself as she went to bed. The next day was repeated the next evening and the next. Winifred became perplexed.

"When Dick married his second, Josiah was here before tea time," she reflected. "But I won't begin to worry until Sunday," she sensibly determined. "Josiah'll be at church, and he'll hear about Dick."

Sunday was ushered in with a drizzling rain, but in the afternoon the sun shone bravely. Miss Lane went to evening service attired in the neat gray dress and bonnet which had been purchased for her brother's second wedding, twelve years ago. Feeling lonely, she gladly accepted an invitation from the minister's wife to a seat in the front pew. She could not see Josiah, but she felt his presence two pews behind, and his deep voice in the hymns sent thrills of pride to her loving heart.

With pardonable coquetry, she lingered a little going out. A casual glance through the open door assured her that he was waiting in the entry as of old. She had nearly reached him. In another minute she would have slipped her hand within his arm with the fond assurance of ownership when a blond head came between them, and Josiah went down the steps with pretty Nettie Scaries clinging to his arm.

Miss Lane walked home through the starlight alone. Lighting the lamp, she went directly to a mirror and gazed long and thoughtfully at the reflection within, comparing it with the girlish prettiness of the face beneath the red turban. The glass refused to flatter. The angular form, the careworn brow and hollow cheeks, the lines about the patient mouth, all spoke of burdens borne and labor accomplished.

"It isn't to be wondered at," Winifred said, with a sigh, as she stirred the low fire and settled down to retrospection and consideration.

"My best years have gone and I've got dull and uninteresting in all this time."

Her first thought was one of renunciation. The freedom she had offered in years gone by she would freely give now. But she thought of the future and hesitated. Not on her own behalf had she been put entirely out of the question from the first. But as she remembered tales of Mrs. Scaries' housekeeping and the flippant remarks she had heard from Nettie's lips she felt suddenly impelled to warfare on Josiah's behalf.

"Red cheeks and dimples can't insure a comfortable home," Miss Lane decided sagely. "If it was any nice girl that's been well brought up I wouldn't hesitate a minute. But all Bloomville knows that Nettie's reputation for dressing and flirting far outdoes her skill in housekeeping. I've no right to shrink from trying to save Josiah from a miserable home. His one hope is in my holdin' him fast to our engagement, and talk or no talk, I'm going to do it.

"I'll spend the winter with Cousin

Emma," she decided. "There ain't a soul in Bloomville knows her address. Dick says she don't look within a dozen years as old as I do, and she's a year older. She always was a tasty. Maybe I can pick up a few hints from her. Looks and dresses and general up-to-dateness makes lots of difference to a man."

All the next day she toiled steadily setting her house in order. And Tuesday morning while waiting for the expressman she penned a note to her recent lover:

Dearest Josiah—I write to inform you that I am well and expect to spend this winter in the city. I leave today so shall not have the pleasure of seeing you before I go. But you will be constantly in my thoughts, and your presence will be my reminder of our engagement. Yours until death. WINIFRED.

"I will show him that I'm holdin' him fast," meditated Miss Lane as the train sped off toward the city. "And as I didn't give any address, he won't know where to write. He isn't one to go very far with that Scaries girl until he breaks with me. And he can't break with me until he finds out where to send a letter."

Bloomville was golden with dandelions and white with apple blossoms when Winifred Lane came home to her own. "Not a soul knows I've come," she reflected as she unpacked the new trunk. She had suddenly. "Well, by to-morrow I shall know. He's had the winter in the city, and if he's still set up, I'll give him up."

Josiah Lane went up the church steps with a look of discontent upon his comely face. In the months that had passed since Winifred's disappearance he had nursed a growing sense of injury.

"Not a soul," he complained, "keeping a fellow on the fence so. Her best years have been spent for Dick any how, and a woman ages faster'n a man. It had given me her address, I'd have settled it months ago."

Josiah went up the aisle to his own pew. Above the high back of the minister's pew there arose a white sailcloth, swathed with an airy muslin scarf. Beneath it soft waves of curling hair rippled across a brow from which all traces of care had been resolutely smoothed away.

Josiah, watching with some curiosity until she turned her head slightly, caught the clear profile and noted the soft color in her cheek. It was Winifred! All at once there dawned upon him the truth that immortal youth is not at the mercy of added years and that better than the passing beauty of girlhood is that womanliness which shall outlast the ages.

"I'm glad I didn't know where to write," thought Josiah, with a sense of narrow escape and a growing feeling of anxiety.

Winifred was unaware of his presence until she heard his voice in the closing hymn. As the last notes ceased she turned to him, smiling straight up into his anxious face.

"Well, Josiah," she said.

And Josiah wondered why he had not known before that raincoat whether it be the unbecoming gray of past years or the crisp muslin that seemed to give back to him the love of his early years, was not worthy of a passing thought. It was the old Winifred who smiled up at him out of those clear eyes. Nettie Scaries and the throng about them were all forgotten. He only thought of the woman before him—the only woman in the world for him—and all Bloomville had its answer to a long winter of speculation and

The Index-Tribune Is a Sturdy Plant.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force.

It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

L. O. O. F. building. Free Delivery

GRANICE & SEVERY,
Real Estate Agents, Sonoma.

very. ROBERT A. FORD and
FORD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Dal Pogetto Bldg.,

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SONOMA, AUGUST 3, 1907.
Official Paper of
Sonoma.

Death at the Home.

Miss Lila Wallace, aged 23 years, died at the Home, at Eldridge, last Saturday.

New Horse Disease.

A new horse disease that only attacks yearlings and two-year-olds is reported from Tehama county. Veterinarians say the disease is entirely new. The first symptom is, the horses go around with their mouths open. They cannot close their jaws or swallow. Otherwise they are apparently well, but at the end of ten days or two weeks they die of starvation.

Granted Letters of Administration.

John Pina, a cousin of A. Franzinelli who died here in a local sanitarium last week, has been granted special letters of administration on the estate of the deceased saloonman. The estate consists of the saloon at El Verano and valued at \$200, cash \$175 and realty \$500. Franzinelli's mother survives him and is living in Austrian Tyrol.

Diana Devotees in Unique Camp.

In a setting trulyylvan and in every way beautiful enough for a modern goddess, is pitched a unique camp on the vine-decked creek of Glen Ellen. The occupants of the camp are Mill's Seminary girls, supervised by a Miss Lea, teacher of that select school. They made a trip from Oakland in a well equipped camping wagon and due the entire distance, the girls of the party—they are all girls—had the ribbons. They are expert shots, have their dogs and guns, and ride about the hills of the upper valley in very jaunty fashion. The campers attract considerable attention because of their self-reliance and they have even demonstrated to the astounded neighborhood their dexterity at handling the axe, pitching tents, carrying water. One young lady of the party is a well-known contributor to the Cosmopolitan and Oakland magazines, writing under the name of Bunker Kruegel.

Assault With a Deadly Weapon.

Sweeney, employed as a bus driver at an El Verano summer resort, was arrested the forenoon of the week for assault with a deadly weapon. The warrant was sworn to by Louis Lamotte of El Verano Villa who was attacked by the youth with a large rock and painfully injured.

Sweeney was raising a rough house around the villa and amusing himself with hurling pillows at the musicians in the amusement hall when told to get out by Mrs. Lamotte. After some parley he was persuaded to leave the hall but upon getting outside persisted in his rowdiness and began firing rocks at Mr. and Mrs. Nevramont, the proprietors of the place. Their son-in-law, Mr. Lamotte, came to the rescue with the result that he received a deep cut in the arm from one of the rocks which was hurled by Sweeney. The offender, who is only a youth, was arrested and Judge Small suspended on condition that he should leave the valley which was agreeable to the complaining witness.

The Ladies' Aid will meet the second Tuesday of this month at the home of Mrs. Amelia Bates.

Is It Your Own Hair?

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! Use this splendid hair-food, stop your falling hair, and get rid of your dandruff.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."
Solely by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also Manufactured at
SARASAPARILLA
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

PERSONAL AND
SOCIAL NOTES.

Doings of the Various Sets
Throughout the Town
and Valley.

Bert Jones was in town Sunday. Albert Dutil returned home Monday.
Miss Inez Reed spent Sunday here.
Miss Hazel Goess was in town Sunday.
Miss Bessie Fowler was here Sunday.

Walter Poulson went to Santa Rosa Sunday.

Ben Dorman came up from the city Saturday.

Will Stofen spent Sunday here with his parents.

Leo Justi, of Glen Ellen, was in Sonoma Tuesday.

Wm. Bourke, of Petaluma, is at Boyes Hot Springs.

Mrs. Elebhin was visiting at the Goess home last week.

Ruth Poppe came up from the metropolis Sunday.

Mr. Ray Lindsley is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Hocker.

Miss I. Waterman came home from her vacation Sunday.

Jeanette and Catherine Manuel are visiting Mrs. E. Catter.

V. Bulotti was a Sonoma visitor to San Francisco this week.

Mrs. Munster and daughter are visiting at Mrs. J. Fochetti's.

Mrs. Stratton and family visited at the Poulson home Sunday.

Mrs. Loud went to Frisco Wednesday morning on business.

Adolph and Camille Marzo was up from the metropolis Sunday.

Miss Alice Chance is staying with her cousin Mrs. M. Pohley.

Ed. Keogh visited his mother here a couple of days this week.

Mrs. Bailey and children came up from Frisco one day this week.

Harley P. Matthews went to Santa Rosa on legal business Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Nauman and children spent Sunday with relatives.

Hector Brown spent Sunday here as the guest of Miss Katherine Rivest.

Ed Fowler, of San Francisco, was in Sonoma Sunday visiting friends.

Adolph Lutgens spent Monday and Tuesday in San Francisco on business.

G. Merk, of San Rafael is here taking the baths at Boyes for the rheumatism.

Miss Bessie Yates spent several days this week visiting with Mrs. Kate Keogh.

Arthur Lowenthal was up from the metropolis Sunday the guest of friends here.

Manager Hanger, of the Racket Store, and wife came back from the city Tuesday.

Mrs. McElroy and her daughter, Miss Edna, have returned from Pacific Grove.

Dr. Francis Leix was called to San Francisco on professional business Monday.

Letter Small came home from Oakland Saturday and reports having a splendid time.

For the last week Mrs. M. Pohley has been lying very sick at her home on Spain street.

Miss George Andrews came home from San Mateo Saturday where she spent her vacation.

Miss Jennie Tomasi returned from Napa Sunday where she has been spending her vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt Steiger have removed from Oakland to South City, San Mateo county.

F. Dreyer, the popular advertising manager of the Examiner, has been a guest at Boyes Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson and son formerly of this place but now of San Jose, visited friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Clark and children of San Francisco, are stopping at the Toscano Hotel. They arrived last Sunday.

J. Kelleher, the well-known San Francisco tailor, is a guest at the Agua Caliente Springs with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Garside (nee Mary Burk) passed through here last week on their way home to Oakland.

Mrs. Robert Poppe and daughter Miss Emilie, returned from Pacific Grove Saturday evening after a delightful visit there.

A. Glickberg and sons Samuel and Mantel, of Petaluma, are spending a week's vacation at Boyes Hot Springs.

Miss Louise Hall, of Oakland, has recently returned from Yosemite. The Halls have built a handsome new residence at Piedmont.

GLEN ELLEN
By Aurora.

The Riverside Hotel is overcrowded with guests.

Leo Justi went to Santa Rosa Monday on business.

Miss Helen Fussell, of Sonoma, is visiting Glen Ellen friends.

Miss Edna Poppe has been the guest of her Sonoma relatives.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell and wife spent last Saturday at Healdsburg.

Miss Lea, of Mill's Seminary, is camping near here with a party and having a fine outing.

Mrs. Corbaley is going to the Hawaiian Islands on a visit to her son and contemplates a delightful trip.

Miss Ferguson and Miss Nellie Gordonker are roustabouting at the Gordonker ranch. Both young women are trained nurses.

The Monahans have rented the Mervyn Hotel to their son-in-law, genial Jimmie O'Rourke, and the family will move to the Fanocchi corner.

Large busses loaded with visitors from down the valley pass through here daily. The automobile from El Verano is also often seen on our streets.

Mrs. Guldager has returned to Glen Ellen much to the delight of her many friends who wish her much success in her new venture in the handsome Hotel Chauvet.

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EASTERN STARS
BANQUET OFFICERS.

Distinguished Visitors to
Local Lodge Are Nicely
Entertained.

Valley of the Moon Chapter, Eastern Stars, were paid a visit Tuesday evening by the grand officers of the order and the distinguished strangers expressed themselves delighted with the work and entertainment of the local lodge. The visitors included Mrs. Sleeper, grand president, and Mesdames Kate Willets, grand secretary, and Dudder, grand matron. After the lodge work, the ladies assembled around a bounteous banquet board where a delicious collation was spread. There was speech making and toast giving, and altogether the evening was a brilliant success.

Walter Flourishes Carving Knife.

William F. Henrick, employed as a waiter at Agua Caliente had a quarrel with a fellow waiter in the hotel kitchen the latter part of last week and as a result there was a gleam of a carving knife and things were pretty lively before the combatants were separated. Henrick went to Santa Rosa to get out a warrant for the arrest of his alleged assailant but when the officers went down to the Springs to investigate the affair the proprietors of the hotel told a different version of the story. It looked as if Henrick had been the aggressor. After investigation no arrests were made and the waiters departed.

The law pertaining to the shooting of doves, sportsmen say, is wrong. The open season should not be till August 15th, thirty days later than it now opens, for the reason that partly developed eggs are found in every hen dove killed.

SUPERIOR COURT
CALENDAR DAY.

Letters of Administration
Issued on Numerous Estates—Will Probated and Final Accounts Settled.

Judge Emmet Seawell called the calendars of both departments of the Superior Court Monday. Owing to its being vacation time there are only a few cases on the docket, and many of these are continued when called owing to the absence of the attorneys. Cases were disposed of Monday as follows:

Letters of administration were issued to Elma R. Walls, bond \$4,000, in the estate of Dorris E. Walls deceased; to Jeremiah Mackin, bond \$72.50, estate of Robert A. Mackin, deceased; to Arthur Bradley, bond \$3,000, estate of Stephen Bradley, deceased; to T. C. Putnam, Hugh Roberts, Henry Schluckebier, estate of Louis Hilmer, deceased; to Ida F. Shores, bond \$2,540, estate of Leander Shores, deceased; to H. C. Colwell, bond \$150 estate of Charles E. Colwell.

The final account of W. E. Woolsey, guardian of Martha Woolsey, an incompetent, and of H. B. Litton, executor of the estate of Eleanor E. Litton, deceased, was settled and allowed.

Order of distribution was made in the estate of Dexter Tuttle, deceased, and Eleanor E. Litton. Continuances were ordered as follows: Hearing final account in estate of Mary C. Vanoni, deceased; Martin Mortensen, deceased; Sallie A. Stout, deceased, and Giovanni Vallera, deceased, letters of administration, to August 5th.

Will of Joff Fine, deceased, admitted to probate, and Daniel Whitlatch named administrator without bonds.

Final account of Mrs. Mary Dodge Reedy, administratrix of the estate of Cornelia G. Ohm, deceased, settled and allowed.

Petition for letters of administration on estate of B. L. Cook, deceased, continued to August 5th. Bane Estate Company vs. Connecticut Fire Insurance Co., order made allowing A. B. Ware to sign answer.

In re estate David Walls, deceased, family allowance in sum of \$100 after Mrs. Emma R. Walls had testified.

John Johnson vs. August Gustafson, decree quieting title granted.

EL VERANO.
By Lone Jack.

Mrs. James Oliver is visiting her father, L. L. Lewis.

D. A. Rogers, R. M. Rogers and C. A. Shultz are working on the bridge at El Verano.

With over 225 regular guests at El Verano Villa times are exceedingly jolly around that popular resort. There are many talented people among those registered there and they furnish a fine entertainment nightly for the other boarders and their friends. Among those who have been contributing to these attractive evenings are the Allen sisters, the well-known Gaelic dancers of San Francisco. Monsier Paget, the pianist, W. Weber, violinist, and the Misses Sullivan, a talented trio of mandolin, violin and piano players. M. Quartarano has made a big hit with the guests through his clever composing and singing of parodies. Charles Sturmdio, another San Francisco boy, renders some excellent numbers on the mandolin and guitar. With the masquerades and other jollities which the Nevramonts and Mr. and Mrs. Lamotte provide, everyone enjoys their stay at the villa and this season is a hummer.

The City Hall work has been resumed. Contrator Newman arranged with the union men to return at a \$5.50 wage schedule.

Personal Mention

Mrs. Benj. Weed is visiting at the Dresel home.

Mrs. P. B. Berges and family are here for the summer.

Wm. Harney expects to visit Sonoma in the near future.

Mrs. Roccoff and little son are visiting Sonoma friends.

Mr. P. Yenni and family visited San Francisco Wednesday.

Mrs. Glenn Murdock is visiting her old home in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. J. Keechler is improving after a long and serious illness.

Mrs. Steadman came home from San Francisco Monday evening.

Mrs. L. S. Simmons and children came home from Oakland Saturday.

Frido Clewe and his sister, Miss Doris, are expected back from the Yosemite.

Miss Nellie Gordonker and Miss Florence Green spent Monday in San Francisco.

The Aguillons are building a bungalow on the Heggy ranch and will make it their home.

Miss Ella Bethune and Miss Julia Fuller expect to leave shortly for a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Bulotti and her daughter, Miss Lily, are to enjoy a couple of weeks outing at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knight have been here from Martinez, the guests of their relatives at Schellville.

Miss Amy Engler, after a pleasant vacation at Pacific Grove, is now visiting friends at San Jose.

A. Beretta, of the Eagle saloon, visited Petaluma Tuesday where he purchased a fine chicken ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hyde and infant son are expected to visit relatives in the valley the coming week.

Dr. J. S. McCue, the old-time veterinary surgeon of San Francisco, is registered at the Union Hotel.

Miss Solita McGill returned to her San Francisco home Thursday after a three weeks stay at the Burges home.

Tony Trabucco, the popular mixologist at the Union Hotel saloon, and wife, visited St. Helena last Sunday.

Wm. Baker and wife of San Francisco, are registered at the Garibaldi Hotel. Mr. Baker is a special police officer.

Frank Haskell, a retired saloon keeper of San Francisco, is spending his vacation with Mr. Vincent of the Gardens saloon.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson, of San Jose, visited relatives in Sonoma on Sunday. It was their first visit in seven years.

Lew A. Norton, license superintendent and cashier, department of state, Sacramento, and friends, recently visited Mine Hot Frank Koerig of the Union Hotel.

Mrs. Harry Clark (nee Clara Turrell) and family are spending the school vacation days at the Toscano Hotel. Mrs. Clark is a grand-daughter of Dr. Faure, a pioneer physician, of this valley.

The Grammar School opened Monday with a fair attendance.

Why Fret and Worry

When your child has a severe cold. You need not fear pneumonia or other pulmonary diseases. Keep supplied with Ballard's Hoarhound Syrup—a positive cure for Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis.

Mrs. Hall of Sioux Falls, S. D., writes: "I have used your wonderful Ballard's Hoarhound Syrup on my children for five years. Its results have been wonderful."

Sold by Simmons Pharmacy.

The One Price Store.
NEW UP-TO-DATE GOODS

DRY GOODS
HATS
BEDS
SHOES
CAPS
BEDDING, ETC.

A Present to every customer
See show window.

The Sonoma Racket Store

Agua Caliente Water for the Market.

Theodor Richards expects to have his bottling works in active operation within a short time and the waters of Agua Caliente Springs will then be put on the market on a large scale. The capacity of the bottling establishment will equal anything of the kind on the coast where natural mineral beverage is put up. The water is a soft sulphur water and is bottled in three sizes and attractively labeled. It will do much to advertise the virtues of the Springs and Sonoma Valley as a summer and health resort.

Former Resident Will Go to Panama.

James Reade Watson, who was principal of the Sonoma Grammar School several years ago, expects shortly to leave for Panama. He is at present in Red Bluff where he went to bid his mother good bye before his departure. He will enter the engineering corps of the Panama Railroad company. Mr. Watson has spent much time in Mexico where he has been engaged in similar work since leaving Sonoma.

Boxing Bout.

The boxing bout which was scheduled for Sunday, July, 28th, between Tom Woods and Willie Conroy was not pulled off much to the disappointment of the lovers of the game. Woods declares he wants a match with Conroy or any other 127 pound man on the Coast, winner to take all.

Piva Will Conduct Resort.

John Piva, a cousin of the late A. Franzanelli, will keep open the resort formerly conducted by the deceased at El Verano. He is special administrator of the estate and his bond with Phil Rossi and Chas. Danniell as sureties in the sum of \$750 was approved this week by Judge Seawell.

Enjoyed an Outing at Napa Soda Springs.

On Sunday last a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Hotz, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bates drove over to Napa Soda Springs, in Joe Ryan's big bus, for a day's outing, and they enjoyed themselves immensely.

Life Insurance.

For twenty-five cents you can now insure yourself and family against any bad results from an attack of cold or diarrhea during the summer months. That is the price of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, a medicine that has never been known to fail. Buy it now, it may save your life. For sale by L. S. Simmons.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars

SONOMA INDEX-TRIBUNE.

Sonoma, Sonoma County, Cal., August 3, 1907

H. H. GRANICE, Editor.

LONDON'S EAST SIDE.

Fearful Picture of Poverty and Dissipation.

A SATURDAY NIGHT SCENE.

The Awful Spectacle That a Bitterly Cold Evening in Winter Disclosed to the Wayfarer in the Streets—The Hucksters and Their Customers.

Let me show you something which is more terrible than tragedy and more hideous than vice. It is a close wedged procession of thousands of happy but shabby men and women and children passing at a crawl before shop windows and costermongers' barrows on a Saturday night in winter in south-east London. The wind from the Thames blows bitter and thither the flames and naphtha lamps and makes them tug and hiss at the greasy burners. It is bitterly cold. Women draw their gray shawls closer over their heads; men turn up their coat collars, hump their shoulders and thrust their hands deeper in their pockets, and the blue faced children, squeezed between the legs of the crawling multitude, shiver and snuffle as they creep so slowly forward with chattering teeth and purple lips which twitch and shudder, half from cold and half from hunger.

Look at some of the faces. The women have their hair dragged back from their foreheads. The eyes are hardly visible. The noses are short and broad. The blubber lips reach across their swollen faces. The men have shifty eyes. Their underjaws project. There is nothing in their faces which suggests dignity or kindness. On all the faces you read satisfaction and content. Even the starving children peep about with excitement.

On the top rail of a stall, stuck upon books and just high enough to grin above the multitude, are the heads of two sucking pigs. The eyes are half open and wear a glassy smile. Round the rim of the ears and at the edge of the open grinning lips is a line of blood. They seem to hang there like the presiding deities of the market, the gods of this sordid festival.

Butchers stand before their open windows, calling loudly and briskly to customers and reaching down joints of meat from steel hooks, which they fling to a man inside to be weighed. Children, bareheaded and in rags, thrust themselves among the crowd, offering beet roots on pieces of dirty newspaper. The street is filled with riles. There is a smell of fish and fusty garments. Into our faces as we go forward foul, fat women with coarse voices shove handfuls of animal matter—things all body and dreadful—and tell us that the cost is only two pence. At another barrow an old woman and her three daughters are selling for pennies, twopences, threepences and fourpences the loathsome ediments from their rag shop. Blouses, stays, petticoats, nightdresses, trousers, waistcoats and caps—all of them so sodden and musty that we doubt if they would burn—are snatched up from the wide stall, drenched in the light of the naphtha lamps and flung across to the highest bidder for a few coppers.

And, while this marketing is going on and while the air is filled with the coarse shouts of the hucksters, out from the public houses, like bees dislodged from a swarm, drop men and women, many of them carrying babies in their arms, and slouch away into the darkness of some neighboring court. The gin shops are crammed—rammed with men, women and children. The more careful housewives are fingering bits of meat scarce fit for dogs and haunting the stalls till they have collected enough for Sunday's dinner, but when this is done they too, at their way into the gin shops and the wretched courts pass the mothers who wish to rescue their best clothes for the week. The money earners' purses are never still. And the crowd in the street grows denser and noisier. The smell of it fills the soul with nausea.

A young man, with a child or two in his arms, has just out of a public house. His wife, a fat, friendly fellow after him, is going home so early. The wife carries a baby of three or four months in her arms. In the middle of the road the child begins to lurch and sing. The mother turns round and laughs. The child in his arms, with dazed eyes, waves her mother singing and dancing. A dirty, then open on the baby's head and as the mother whirls into the crowd we see the poor little bald head go round and round in the glare of the naphtha. How that tiny brain must swim! How it must wonder at the shrill laughter of its swaying mother! The baby is no larger than a skinned rabbit. Round and round, round and round, to the shrieked tune of "Sally, Sally, Was in the Ballet" while the husband stalks grinning and the girl friend suddenly reels and goes down behind a barrow, chuckling and cursing.—Detroit News.

"To the Lamp-post." There was no lamp-post. The lamp was hung over the middle of the street, in the center of a cord, which passed over pulleys at the sides of the street. The lamp was let down, the person to be hanged was substituted for it, and the ends of the cord pulled.—London Notes and Queries.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—Holmes.

Remedy for Diarrhoea Never Known to Fail.

"I want to say a few words for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have used this preparation in my family for the past five years and have recommended it to a number of people in York county and have never known it to fail to effect a cure in any instance. I feel that I cannot say too much for the best remedy of the kind in the world.—S. J. Jettison, Spring Grove, York County, Pa. This remedy is for sale by L. S. Simmons."

DON'T GUMBLE
When your joints ache and you suffer from rheumatism. Buy a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment and get instant relief. A positive cure for Rheumatism, Burns, Cuts, Contracted Muscles, Sore Throat, etc., Mr. L. T. Boggs, a prominent merchant at Willow Point, Texas, says that he finds Ballard's Snow Liniment the best all round Liniment he ever used.
Sold by Simmons Pharmacy.

Don't be Blue
and lose all interest when help is within reach. Herbine will make that liver perform its duties properly. J. B. Vaughn, El Paso, Ala., writes:
"Being a constant sufferer from constipation and a disordered liver, I have found Herbine to be the best medicine for these troubles. I will vouch for it to be the best medicine of its kind, and I wish all sufferers from these troubles to know the good Herbine has done me."
Sold by Simmons Pharmacy.

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
Subscribe for the Index-Tribune. Do it now.

Galliano's Quinine Hair Tonic.

Joe Galliano, at First Street East, Pinelli building, has introduced into Sonoma a hair tonic, called Quinine Tonic, which is a wonderful remedy for the prevention of baldness. Mr. Galliano has had many years experience under a first-class physician in Europe. A great number of cases of baldness are caused by indigestion, and not as is presumed, by a disease of the scalp. It is not claimed that Quinine Tonic will grow hair on a bald head, as a matter of fact, quinine is advertised to do, but it is claimed and guaranteed that Quinine Tonic will stop the hair from falling out, and if used twice a week will clear the head from dandruff which will not return as long as the Tonic is used. Quinine Tonic is composed of the five following articles: Pure Alcohol, Quinine, Sulphur, Glycerine and Turmeric. If the Tonic is used and not found as represented, Galliano will refund the money. The Quinine Tonic will also save the trouble of shampooing the hair. This Tonic is for sale at each drug store in Sonoma.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Aguillon Winery for Sale.

Located in the Heart of The Old Town of Sonoma

Consisting of lot 81-103 feet; 2-story building, 81 feet in depth with a frontage of 50 feet on First-street West; outbuildings.

50,000 Gallons of Good Cooperage

And a quantity of old white and and red wines and all necessary implements for wine making will also be disposed of either with the building or separately.

The lot and building will be sold at the bargain price of \$4,500

The wine, cooperage, and implements will also be sold at a bargain.

For further particulars apply to H. H. GRANICE, Real Estate Agent, Sonoma.

MAGAZINE READERS

SUNSET MAGAZINE
Beautifully illustrated, good stories and articles, 100 pages California and all the West.
\$1.50 a year

CAMERA CRAFT
devoted each week to the artistic representation of the best work of amateur and professional photographers.
\$1.00 a year

ROAD OF A THOUSAND WONDERS
a book of 75 pages, containing 120 colored photographs of picturesque spots in California and Oregon.
\$0.75

Total \$3.25

All for \$1.50

Address all orders to SUNSET MAGAZINE, Flood Building, San Francisco

THE POOR CAT.

One Occasion When the Animal Did Not Come Back.

When the cat died the whole family went into mourning, figuratively if not literally. No common back-door cat this, but one that must be buried with all honor. The question was how and where.

Some one proposed cremation, but this was rejected on the ground that it sounded too much like lynching. It was finally proposed that the father, who had to cross a ferry every day to his place of business, should drop it overboard, and as a burial at sea rather appealed to the sentimental attitude of the family this idea was received favorably.

The following morning the remains of the cat were made into a package and securely tied. It was a lovely day, and the ferryboat was crowded with passengers, and what had seemed so simple at home assumed unexpected difficulties in the face of a curious crowd, ready to imagine anything and to put the worst construction on an apparently mysterious action.

Finally it occurred to the father that the best time would be the evening, and he could slip the cat overboard without attracting notice in the dusk. Through the day it occupied a corner of his office, and he was glad when the time came for the return trip.

He waited until the boat was well out in the stream and then, glancing around furtively, laid his hand on the package. Suddenly it struck him what would seem strange in broad daylight would seem doubly so at night. With a smothered groan he replaced it on the seat beside him. There was no help for it—he would have to carry it home again.

As he took his seat in the train that was to convey him the rest of the way he placed the cat on the shelf above his head and for the first time that day forgot all about it. Hurrying to get off the car when he reached his destination, he was halted by some one behind him, who thrust into his hand the ill-fated package.

When he reached his house he threw it down on a chair in the hall and went in to supper. In the middle of it the maid came in and asked how she should cook the meat he had brought with him? "Meat!" he exclaimed. "That isn't meat! It's—"

But at this moment the maid produced the package and showed him a choice piece of meat. History does not say what the man said who got the cat.—New York Sun.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A boy's idea of a hero is another boy who runs away from home.

Nothing is so often overestimated as the information given confidentially.

As a rule, what a man calls his rights represent merely desired privileges.

You may have forgotten more than the other man knows and still be a short horse.

The man who is scared into being good is the one most likely to boast of his exceeding virtue.

There are lots of ways of wasting time. Feeling sorry for yourself brings about as little returns as any.

When a man goes to church and hears a sermon which seems intended expressly for him, he never enjoys it very much.

As the prize-winner in the Maccabean contest, the man who doesn't get sick very often is a strong competitor when he does.—Aitchison Globe.

Drinking Excuses.
Excuses for drinking are always at hand. Here are the five familiar ones:

Good wine, a friend, or being dry. Or let me should be by and by—Or any other reason why.

If they don't suffice one can always fall back upon Dr. Sam Johnson's, "He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man." On the other hand, here are three reasons, one of them cogent, that a Bostonian gave for not drinking:

"First,—I can't drink, for I've just lost a near relative. Second (when much pressed).—No, I really can't. You know I'm president of a temperance society. Third (when he was much more pressed).—No, I can't, indeed. I've just had four or five cocktails."—Boston Globe.

Shopping in London.
One of the first things an American man or woman rushes out to buy in London is a serviceable well cut mackintosh, and the second article to be purchased is usually an umbrella. A man can buy in London a smart waterproof which with occasional reproofing will last him a lifetime for 3 or 4 guineas. In New York a very bad imitation will cost him from \$10 to \$20. The British umbrella is not only a thing of beauty to workmanship, but it will outlast all competitors across the seas.—London Express.

Mixed.
Here is a mixture of kingdoms, if not of metaphors, taken from a history of the nation. "He stretched his sultry length beneath the eve tree's shade." "Away back as far as the time of Jack Cartier England sent her ships into Hudson bay to trade beads and muskets with the Indians for ivory of the walrus tree."—Century.

Not an Expert Opinion.
"He has just returned from Mexico." He says a Mexican burro is the most aggravatingly stubborn thing on earth.
"He isn't married."—Houston Post.

Vague.
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never cry as do children who are suffering from hunger. Such is the cause of all baby's who cry and are treated for sickness, when they really are suffering from hunger. This is caused from their food not being assimilated but devoured by worms. A few doses of White's Cream Vermifuge will cause them to cease crying and begin to thrive at once. Give it a trial. Sold by Simmons Pharmacy.

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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS AND CHILDREN.
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE
Pumpkin Seed—
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Rhubarb—
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Castor Oil—
Aperient Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.
Fac-Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
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At 6 months old
35 DROPS—35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

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For Over

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BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, PORK,
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FRESH FISH EVERY THURSDAY.

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Choice Beef, Mutton, Pork, Sausage, Lard, Hams, Bacon, Etc.

Shop on Napa Street Near Union Hotel

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Leave Sonoma.	Effective May 5, 1907.	Arrive Sonoma.
DAILY	TO AND FROM	DAILY
6:23 A M	San Francisco and Intermediates	10:20 A M
4:02 P M	Glen Ellen and Intermediates	7:17 P M
10:20 A M	Novato and Intermediates	6:23 A M
7:17 P M	San Francisco and Intermediates	4:02 P M
6:23 A M	Cloverdale and Intermediates	10:20 A M
4:02 P M	Ukiah and Intermediates	7:17 P M
6:23 A M	Willits and Sherwood	10:20 A M
4:02 P M	Sebastopol and Intermediates	7:17 P M
6:23 A M	Guerneville and Intermediates	10:20 A M
4:02 P M	San Francisco and Intermediates	7:17 P M

JAS. AGLER, Gen. Manager.

J. J. GEARY, Acting Gen. Freight and Pass Agent.

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General Banking Business.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

FRANK BURRIS, President.

F. T. DUBRING, Vice President.

JESSE BURRIS, Cashier.

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